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BLASPHEMY

As Old as the

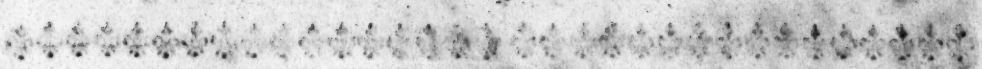
CREATION.



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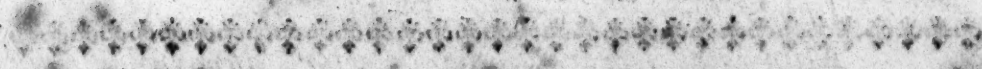
The New Divine

BLASPHEMY

2

As Old as the

CREATION



THE NEW DIVINE

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2

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BLASPHEMY

As Old as the

CREATION:

O R,

The *Newgate* DIVINE. *K*

A

S A T Y R.

Address'd to the modern Advocates of Irreligion, Prophaneness, and Infidelity.

By a GENTLEMAN and a CHRISTIAN.

*Quòd si in hoc Erro, quòd animos hominum
Immortales esse credam, libentèr Erro. Nec
Mibi hunc Errorem, quo delector, dum vivo,
Extorqueri volo, animas esse Immortales,
—— Quicquid Dixit, Omnium animarum
Socius, W. Tyndall ——*

Tully.

L O N D O N:

Printed for LAWTON GILLIVER at *Homer's Head* over-
against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleetstreet. 1730.

BLASPHEMY

As Old as the

CREATION:

OF

The Newgate DIVINE.

A

CRATY R.

Addressed to the modern Advocates of
Liberty, Propriety, and Industry.

By a Gentleman and a Christian.



Printed by W. T. ...

Printed for L. ...
against St. Dunstons Church in ...



BLASPHEMY

As Old as the

CREATION.



ER yet the Earth or Heaven, or various
Frame

Of wide extended Nature had a Name,
Or Stars were hung, or Planets blaz'd on high,
Satan blasphem'd — the * *T—nd—l* of the Sky.
For this, by Heavens reluctant Vengeance drove
Down to Perdition from his Bliss above.

* *Author of the Rights of the Christian Church; Christianity as Old as the Creation; and several other profane and impious Pieces.*

B

When

When now the Fiend had rais'd his horrid Head
 O'er the blue sulphurous Flames, around him spread,
 Unconquer'd Rage still burning in his Breast,
 The Part'ners of his Fate he thus Addrest.

‘ From these deep boiling Gulphs, if yet we rise,
 ‘ We yet may dare the Thunder of the Skies;
 ‘ Too weak their strongest Prison to detain
 ‘ Spirits, that burst below each brazen Chain:
 ‘ Mine be the Danger first; and then the Fame
 ‘ To lead you up from these dark Dens of Shame;
 ‘ Back to his Heaven these Rival Fires to throw,
 ‘ And wrest his Wreaths from our insulting Foe.
 ‘ Through various Worlds, let his wide Pow'r extend,
 ‘ Half his Creation to our Shrines shall bend;
 ‘ Incense as Rich and Pure our Nostrils feed,
 ‘ And Victims at our Altars oftner Bleed.

His

' His Priests for us their Saviour shall Defame,
 ' And blast his Godhead, while they own his Name;
 ' In ev'ry Age, each Clime, great Patriots rise,
 ' Pleas'd by our Guidance to desert their Skies;
 ' One duteous Isle, a Realm above the rest
 ' With all our bounteous Inspirations blest;
 ' There, there, your Thoughts with Joy and Transport
 turn;
 ' Where Dreams shall please, and Revelation burn.
 ' Through dark Futurity I there behold
 ' Leaders for Guilt renown'd, in Errors bold;
 ' (Tho' deep in Night the distant Prospect lies,
 ' By Fate foretold, the Æra once shall rise.)
 ' Fables and Fraud shall be their darling Theme,
 ' Abhorring Truth, their Glory to blaspheme:
 ' For us their Faith resolving to Disgrace,
 ' Wit, Scheme, and Humour, planting in its place:

' With Pupils nurs'd by them, our Groves shall fill;
 ' More gain'd by * *Coll—ns*, than by *Julian's Quill*.
 ' For us shall † *Wh—n* rave, and ‡ *Ly—ns* think,
 ' Kind *Asg—l* waſt his Time, and *Bayle* his Ink;
 ' Great || *Mand—l* the Truth no more Conteſt,
 ' That Heavens worſt Subjects, are each Kingdom's Beſt:
 ' By him the Maxim plainly underſtood,
 ' That *Damning*, muſt promote a Nation's Good:
 ' Wits ſhall for us in want of Faith excel;
 ' *Free Maſons* Banter; and *Free-Thinkers* Spell;
 ' Deiſts and Drolls on Myſtery ſhall Frown;
 ' And *Woolf—n* turn Buffoon beneath a Gown.

Spirit Divine, that doſt a Heat infuſe,
 A heavenly Zeal into each pious Muſe;

* Grounds and Reaſons, and Scheme of Litteral Prophecy.

† *Againſt the Trinity*.

‡ Fancy-logy.

|| Fable of the Bees.

ill; Say in these searching, shrew'd, detecting Days,
 ill. Why little Fools should print, what Greater praise?
 nk, For what Impiety, or Guilt accurst,
 ; Sage *Britain* scorns the *Good*, to prize the *Worst*;
 t, Thou, sacred Guide, unfold the mystick Cause,
 Best: That gives the Idiot, Fame; the Weak, Applause:
 Why new Philosophers, old Maxims quit,
 d: Forfaking *Gib—ns* Sense, for *Tind—ls* Wit?
 Why each dull modern Scheme each Breast shou'd fire,
 Simplicity transport, and Wisdom tire?
 Why Sense and Reason are our worst Disease,
 Learn'd Writers scorn'd, why doating Mad-men please?

Want, or the Pride of being deem'd Polite,
 Tempts gay Apostates to deceive and write;
 Each sacred Truth to scorn, or to disclaim,
 Prompted by Hunger some, and some by Fame;

Say

Few

Few starving Doctors wou'd renounce their Creed
 Who on pure Faith cou'd better drink and feed;
 Nor for a Dinner in stale Errors deal,
 If sound Divinity would fetch a Meal:
Woolston wou'd own a Saviour, dread a Hell,
 Like gainful Unbelief, did Scripture sell;
 The Godhead he derides, wou'd learn to fear,
 Like * Blasphemy, if Miracles sold dear.
 But who can blame each Sage, in Judgment nice,
 Good Pagan Doctrines yield a better Price:
 Who calculate exact their Gains each Day,
 And know what Wages Heaven and Satan pay,
 The last their kindest Patron! each more wise
 Who Fed 'em best, to leave, and to despise.

* See his six blasphemous Discourses, and his two Defences of 'em, as Bold
 and Impious.

Their Pot each Morn, an Allegory fills,
 The *Spirit* feeds 'em, while the *letter* kills.
 Not half so plump the mystick Doctor's made
 By real Substance, as by Type and Shade.
 'Twas weak to print cheap Truths—when for a Lye
 They knew the *British* Markets ran so high.
 (All Books, in Fraud and Falshoods which excel
 Like Goods forbid by Law—more sure to sell.)
 Unwise the Project, and the Author's vain
 Maintaining Texts, that wou'd not them maintain;
 All Truth's, in their Opinion, but a Cheat,
 Whose Patrons oft must Write, but seldom Eat.
 Impossible a Scheme shou'd be Divine,
 Whose Authors Sup on Curds, on Trotters Dine :
 Or any Faith a heavenly Sanction Boast,
 That Feasts not all its Friends on Boild and Roast.

This

This * *Tind*—*l* knew; and pious vow'd to quit
 Doctrines, that very seldom turn'd his Spit:
 Tir'd with a Church, whose Canons did define
 That to believe, was sweeter than to Dine.
 Within her Pale, for him allow'd no place,
 Who thinks good Eating the first *Christian* Grace;
 That Faith celestial only, that affords
 The largest Bumpers, and the fullest Boards.
 To number up his Crimes, he ne'er begins,
 But always reckons Fasts—among his Sins;
 (These deeply moan'd) and deems the Guilt less great
 Each Evening not to pray, than not to Eat.
 Less ravish'd with his Duty than his Cup,
 He oft forgets to kneel—but ne'er to Sup.

* *A modern Epicurean Philosopher, very remarkable for his good Eating, and bad Principles.*

Ah cruel Courts! learn'd Casuists to restrain,
 Who must not Sin — altho' they Sin for Gain!
 Against each *British* Subject's Right and Ease
 Not to be Good or Wicked — when they please;
 With Falshood, or with Truth to fill their Rheam;
 Nor on good Christiam Motives — to blaspheme!
 How can weak Juries then themselves acquit,
 For censuring Errors cloath'd with so much Wit?
 Hapless, that Jokes should be dangerous grown,
 Nor Humour, for Impieties attone!
 The Sentence sure was very odd and hard,
 One Merit, shou'd not meet with one Reward;
 To spare the Prelate, yet the Deacon strike;
 Tho' *Austin*, and tho' *Woolston* thought a-like:
 Strange Treatment sure! when both were of a Mind,
 A Mitre one, and one a Jail should find:

That pious *Austin* should a Crozier bear,
 And pious *Woolston* dread to lose an Ear :
Africk's learn'd Prelate clad in Reverend Lawn,
 His *British* Brother hiss'd — to *Newgate* drawn :
 Oblig'd to vend, keen Hunger to repel,
 Sweet savoury Falfhoods, from his studious Cell.

Shall Prisons therefore damp such great Designs?
 Was *Bedlam* only built for deep DIVINES?
 For *Paul*, if too much Learning once was Bad,
 Strange! with too little, *Woolston* should be Mad;
 A different Cause the same Effect dispence;
 A Flow of Knowledge — and an Ebb of Sense.

Must then the *Rabbi* more, nor write, nor print,
 In dread of Fines, of *Bedlam*, or the *Mint*;

Judges unkind, their great Apostle draw,
 For his clean Truths, to Beds of cleanly Straw ?
 With a shrill Voice, lean Face, uncover'd Head,
 Forc'd with a Box, to Angle for his Bread,
 Early to Beg an Alms, and sue till late,
God bless your Honour — bawling thro' his Grate;
 For holy Truths, and writing *Christian* Books,
 With Offals fed, and Scraps from sweating Cooks;
 (How lank, and wretched, till the Dole begins,
 How blest, the Basket; when his Hand unpins.)
 Sad Fate! neglected by the Passers-By,
 To sell a boasted Pamphlet for a Pye;
 Or when resolv'd to Sup or Dine genteel,
 Trucking two Volumes for a nicer Meal;
 For dry Divinity must drain her Cup,
 And swill at ev'ry Course her Bumper up.

Say, Judges, Juries! was the Sentence kind,
 His Piety no better Fate shou'd find!
 The Verdict upright, his Confinement fair,
 Exchanging for a Cell his Doctor's Chair!
 Forc'd, at the close of ev'ry gloomy Day,
 To drink with Out-laws, and with Whores to pay;
 To a fam'd Modern with such Reverend Looks,
 Shall Thieves be Butlers then, and Felons, Cooks?
 In a dark Room regal'd with Stale and Mild,
 By *Dalton* left; by *Chart—s*, and by *Wild*;
 Or a black Tenant Banish'd from the Day,
 Where *Sheppard* once, or righteous *Bluet* lay!
 For *Christians* Schemes *These* shut from human view,
 For *These* in Faith and Hope — were *Wolfsloon's* too.
 Too great a Freedom was their mutual Curse;
 One bold with Heaven, the other's with a Purse:

These

These robb'd their Fellow Mortals; bolder He,
 Of all his *Wonders* stript the Deity;
 Each Miracle at once from *Jesus* stole,
 And, without one, made all *Judea* Whole;
 Where no Almighty Power, he would admit;
 All cur'd, how odd the Cure? by *Woolston's* Wit.
 The Deaf and Blind receive immediate Aid,
 By Powder and by Pills — in *Newgate* made;
 While the Lame walk, and Ideots strangely think,
 By the strong magick Power of *British* Ink.

Ah give him here, to Write, Blaspheme, and Joke,
 For here, the Rogue must Droll, or must not smoke.
 The Choice perplexing to so nice a Wit,
 Either his Creed, or dearer Pipe to quit.
 Each Day a friendly false Quotation spread,
 Or go each Evening supperless to Bed;

And

And who on Scripture wou'd refrain to Jest,
 If Silence robb'd him of his Meals, and Rest?
 Too dear the Virtue purchas'd, not to Sin,
 If want of Guilt was paid with want of *Gin*;
 Some Gospels choose, to form their Reasonings right,
 The surer Guide he uses, different quite;
 His Throat directs his Conscience and his Heart,
 Too wise to be a Saint, to lose his Quart;
 Who for lost Liquors, must sincerely grieve;
 More wretched to be dry — than disbelieve.

Forgive the Writer then his needy Spleen,
 Want edg'd his Quill, and made his Satyr keen;
 His Lodging hard, Coat thin, and Diet low,
 By pure Necessity, his Saviour's Foe!
 He means no Evil, when he Rants and Rails,
 Blaspheming only — when his Money fails.

Oft with the Church and Orthodox agreed,
 And seldom wicked—but in Times of Need.
 Against his Faith and Heaven compell'd to Write,
 How just the Cause?—by Hunger more than Spite?
 Give him a Cutlet, and he raves no more,
 For when his Guts are fill'd, his Spleen is o'er.
 You always guess his Stomach by his Jest,
 For when 'tis lank, he ever lashes best;
 Ne'er writing to be thought a Man of Note,
 Only to fill his Jugg, or patch his Coat.
 And wou'd an Author, bless'd with Ink and Quills,
 Kind Errors quit, that pay off all his Bills;
 Or with a dear prophane Idea part,
 Parent of Rum, that ravishes his Heart?
 And how can such rich Notions be a Sin,
 Which cheer an Author's Soul, and plump his Skin?

A Doctrine which its Master Fed and Clad,
 Too Gainful surely, to be counted Bad.
 Damnation only is a future Curse;
 And present pinching Want, a Plague much worse;
 A forer Ill to feel a Pain than dread,
 He ventures Hell, to earn his daily Bread;
 Deem'd wiser much a present Bliss to find,
 Hunger still cruel — *Satan* may be kind.
 Starving on Truth, he fattens on a Cheat,
 Few Folks think right, but all Folks must have Meat;
 Let him in luscious Lies and Legends deal,
 They help the lank Apostate to a Meal,
 Of whose Religion Profit is the Test,
 And that which yields him most, still charms him best.
 Th' *Athenian* Virtue, *Woolston*, just like thine;
 Who priz'd their Goddess only for her Shrine;

By gain, not Zeal, to her rich Temple led,
The Reason good — *They* worship'd, and *She* fed.

Pleas'd with his merry Sheets, whose dext'rous Wit,
Here strikes a * Queen, does there a † Prelate hit;
Each hum'rous Page with deep Delight he sees,
That wash his Shirt, or pay his Turnkey's Fees:
This heals the Breaches of a yawning Shoe,
That vamps a Sole, or curls his Wigg a-new:
Those Truths, by Toil and long Experience got
All heavenly — for they fetch a double Pot.
The Choice, in his Opinion, more Discreet
To quit his Faith, than quiver in the Fleet;
Hoping no ill, his Conduct cou'd attend,
Heaven made a Foe, if *Bambridge* was his Friend;

* He presented one of his Libels on Religion and the holy Scriptures
to the Queen; to which he prefixt a saucy bantering Dedication: in
which he abused her Majesty, and the † Bishop of St. *David's*.

Much better pleas'd to have a Sation nice
 And clean, in *Newgate*, than in *Paradise*.
 By blundering on, a better Room he gets;
 And learn'd Simplicities, discharge his Debts:
 The friendly Ink in every Pamphlet Spilt,
 Adding a Blanket to his tatter'd Quilt.
 While Errors thus the Winter's Rage disarm,
 And kind Profaneness keeps its Patron warm.
 Does both his Coals provide, and Heart inspire,
 And lends his Chimney, and his Satyr Fire;
 Coats, Night-gowns, Breeches, Drams, and Coffee gain'd
 By Gospels ridicul'd, and *Christ* disdain'd.

To Scorn his God was then his wisest way,
 For Printers did — and *Jesus* wou'd not pay;
 Oblig'd in Duty to renounce a Creed,
 On which, with Hunger press'd, he cou'd not feed;

Religion found a dry and Barren Theme,
 Tho' wicked, yet 'twas prudent to Blaspheme:
 From fruitless Pulpits, he cou'd never get
 Enough to purchase Gowns — or sink a Debt;
 Then Pagan turn'd, his Charges to defray,
 And only left his Church — for better Pay.
 Sermons he oft had found, and not by Gueſs,
 Wou'd ſeldom pay, for Paper and the Preſs;
 When one good honeſt, impious Sheet brought in,
 Enough each Day, for Mutton, Porter, Gin;
 Each Night to treat him with a rich repaſt,
 And Two Pence, for a cloſing Dram at laſt.
 (More by a Heathen, or a *Woolſton* got,
 Than all that *South* or *Barrow* ever wrote;
 Our Iſle of late with Shadows ſtrangely warm'd;
 With Truth diſguſted; and with Blunders charm'd.

(Pour'd out in Plenty, in each learned War,
 To please the Pious Wits of *Temple-bar*;) dw
 An Author's Bliss and Glory how compleat,
 To Droll, and Drink — to disbelieve and eat? the

What *Prelate* then the modest Sage can blame,
 Who Laughs at Heaven for Suppers—not for Fame?
 His Schemes had virtuous been as heretofore,
 Had he not found that Errors yielded more;
 Who, like a cunning Broker, knew full well,
Britain the Change, his Seasons when to sell;
 Wits, Beaux, and Courtiers, all prepar'd to buy,
 The Moment that he springs the merry Lye.
His Soul with Falshoods charm'd, if trim and neat;
Their Hearts as deeply ravish'd — with a Cheat.
 No Readers half so Prudent, or so Blest,
 Quitting their Faith, and Money — for a Jest.

By

By whimfy now directed, now by Need,
 How oft their Patron skips from Creed to Creed;
Jew, Sceptick, Christian, Quaker, and Buffoon,
 In the fhort Courfe of one revolving Moon.
 Who does thro' all Religions rove and range;
 At Full, Believing — Infidel at Change;
 Of his firft Creed, to Day admires each Letter,
 To morrow fwears, that *Tindal* wrote a better.

Stretch'd awful in his Elbow-Chair he fits
 With *ancient* Fables, treating *modern* Wits;
 By no kind Tutor yet fo kindly us'd;
 The Deity by none fo well abus'd.
 From hence with learned Falshoods once a Week,
 He treats his Pupils — *Roman, Britifh, Greek;*
 Both by his Knowledge and his Follies fir'd;
 The Idiot and the Sage by turns admir'd;

(Nonsense

(Nonsense and Wit embrac'd with equal Ease,
 For let it be prophane — and all will please.)
 In Smiles, his Converts thus address'd — ' No more
 ' On *musty* Tales, and *Reverend* Legends pore;
 ' By *Priests* invented, and by *Prelates* wrote,
 ' On purpose to be scorn'd, or be forgot;
 ' Throw Scriptures, Canons, Creeds, and Fathers by,
 ' My founder Volumes give 'em all the Lye;
 ' By me, to Light at last from Darknes brought,
 ' The Truths good *Celsus*, and great *Julian* taught;
 ' Around our Isle the saving Maxims spread
 ' Of *Tindal* living, and *Spinoza* dead;
 ' I clear her Sight, and open *Britain's* Eyes,
 ' And teach her Shams, and Saviours to despise.
 ' Restore again that Liberty of Thought,
 ' For which our Troops have bled, and Navies fought;

' That

- ‘ That gives us, fond of either wide extreme;
- ‘ To pray, or laugh; believe, or else blaspheme.
- ‘ For such a Hero then; so fam’d a Wit,
- ‘ Ye Sons of *Humour* say, is *Newgate* fit?
- ‘ A Scene of Glory, or a Life of Pain,
- ‘ Sackcloth or Silks—a Lawrel or a Chain?
- ‘ If not remov’d from this opprobrious Cell,
- ‘ Our Patriots weeping Ghosts will leave their Hell;
- ‘ *Toland* his way to Light again explore,
- ‘ And furious *Blunt* burst ope’ this *Prison* Door;
- ‘ *Gildon* re-visit his forgotten Mint,
- ‘ And after Death, for me, his Sorrows Print.
- ‘ Say *Grecians*, *Templers*, nurs’t at *Tom’s* and *Will’s*,
- ‘ Where *Collins* yet, each generous Truth instills;
- ‘ Where Revelation does her Fate bemoan,
- ‘ Shov’d out by *Humour* from her Reverend Throne;
- ‘ Nor

- ‘ Nor more her Blindfold Empire to regain,
- ‘ While you can sneer, or I delude and feign;
- ‘ Say whose keen Satyr, or sharp Quill, like mine
- ‘ E’er wounded half so deep, the *Scheme Divine*.
- ‘ Or made a Thrust so open, Strong and Bold,
- ‘ To lugg Religion from her fastest Hold;
- ‘ With every Foe of Heaven in Faith agreed,
- ‘ Prais’d by the Deist, by the *Rabbi* Fee’d;
- ‘ With each new Face, my Faith and Doctrine’s new,
- ‘ At *Dick’s*, *Freethinker*; and at *Change*, a *Jew*.
- ‘ Each lov’d Apostate’s Shade rejoic’d to see,
- ‘ Their Fame ecclips’d by *Tindal* and by me.
- ‘ Proud * *Bishops* now, and now their Priests I mawl,
- ‘ And learned *Hobbs* prefer to canting *Paul*;
- ‘ Good new Divinity; and *British* all.

With

* His whole Work is almost a continued Droll or Satyr upon the Christian Religion, and the Bishops and Clergy of the Establish’d Church; every Page being beautifully adorn’d with Flowers of low Wit, and impudent Buffoonery; I have by me at present, only his Second Defence

' With Parsons lash'd I please the laughing Town,
 ' And scower my Coat, by staining *Sherl—ck's* Gown;
 ' The Reason's Strong, Wit Sharp, and Humour Nice,
 ' For twelve Pence to be damn'd!—how small a Price;

' On

fence of his Discourses; from which I shall select a few Passages, out
 of innumerable others to the same Purpose, sufficient to evince the can-
 did Opinion this Writer entertains, of the *English* Clergy; (as well as
 the Religion they preach) as Orthodox, and as learned a Body of Men,
 as the Christian Church in any Age, had ever to Boast of.

— ' I believe, was our Legislature to do, what they never will,
 that is, set up the Figure of a *Calf* in our Churches, there would be
 no want of Priests to worship him, if they were well paid for it.
 Nor of Academical Students to prove his Divine Power and God-
 ship, if the Road to Preferment lay that way — *Second Defence*,
 p. 12. ' For this Reason, amongst many others, I am for abolishing
 an Establish'd Priesthood. *Ibid.*

— ' If it had not been Force more than Reason, that has hitherto
 kept Mankind in their Christian Faith; or if Liberty had been in-
 dulg'd them, to consider the Absurdities of the *Letter* of the Scrip-
 tures, they wou'd have run e'er now by Shoals into Infidelity —
 ag. 55.

' It is not so great a wonder that *wise, good, and thinking* Gen-
 tlemen, are betaking themselves to natural Religion, as it is, that
 there are any Believers of Christianity on the literal Scheme left
 amongst us. *Ibid.*

— ' I have called *Jesus*, an Impostor, Juggler, Fortune-teller, (and
 what not?) by way of Objection to the Letter of the Miracles; p. 59.

' I do not indeed wonder, that the inferior Tribe of *Levi*, such is
 their egregious Ignorance, shou'd take me for an Infidel; — not
 fully satisfy'd whether it be their Ignorance or Malice to accuse me
 of Infidelity; if it was Malice, and in Revenge on me for writing
 against a hired Priesthood, then they'll go on, and *Die hard*, without
 any Remorse for the Troubles, Sufferings, and Expences, they have
 put me to, p. 64, 65.

E

' If

' On longer Schemes for Months and Years to dwell,
 ' Is wasting too much time—to merit Hell;
 ' Here you grow wise by one compendious Lye,
 ' Boldly avow'd—come *Friends* and *Pupils* buy!

Ye sacred Names! ye virtuous injur'd Few,
 Who *Britains* Sighs attend, and Sadness view,

Penfive

' It cannot be unlawful to Jest a little with his Priests, *i. e.* *Baal's*,
 ' (meaning the Christian Priesthood) and to ridicule their nonsensical,
 ' foolish, and absurd Doctrines, founded on the *Letter* (*i. e.* *The Facts*
 ' *attested by the Evangelists in the Holy Scriptures.*) p. 66.
 ' It is more for their (the Clergy's) Interests than the Truth, that
 ' they are Zealous and Furious, — p. 69.
 ' No Atheist or Deist, can be of that dangerous Consequence to the
 ' modern Priesthood, as the Christian Allegorist — *Ibid.*
 ' *That foolish old Doatard*; (a reverend Clergyman) what have I not
 ' to dread from young hot-headed Priests, p. 68.
 ' It is a sad and melancholick Consideration, that the Understand-
 ' ings of Mankind, especially of the wise, thinking, and philosophical
 ' Part of them, shou'd be enslav'd to the Interests of Ecclesiastical *Clo-*
 ' *pates*; who for the sake of Mammon, more than Truth, are Furious
 ' and Turbulent, p. 69.
 ' I will prove them (meaning the Establish'd Clergy) to be the most
 ' stupid Sect of Philosophers, who have amongst them the fewest Ru-
 ' diments of true Philosophy, or even of the Gospel, of any Sect the
 ' World ever knew. — There is nothing for Absurdity equal to this
 ' Belief, that the Bible for its literal Sense, is the Word of God, and
 ' given by Inspiration of Him. *Ibid.*

Pensive yourselves, who hear the Nymph complain,
 And read her Sorrows, with a Parent's Pain;
P—rse, Sh—r—ck, G—b—n, breath one fervent Pray'r,
 And snatch our Isle from Fate and from Despair;
 Stop Heavens avenging Bolts, e'er yet they Fall,
 Nor let one Ruffian's Guilt, consume us all;
 Already gathering round each gloomy Pole
 Its Lightnings Glare — and murmuring Thunders roll,
 Just ready to descend! ah stand between;
 Nor let the Sound be heard, or Flames be seen;
 Our Guilt atton'd by your sad anxious Eye,
 The Godhead yet, may throw his Vengeance By:
 To whose kind Smiles, your Zeal cou'd not restore,
 Did our lost Isle produce one *Woolston* more!
 Say * Artist! who alive can't never know
 Their horrid Mien, how *Dæmons* glare below;

* *Woolston has lately oblig'd the Publick with his Picture in Metzointo.*

How cou'd thy Fancy paint, or Pencil strike,
 Unknown to *Fiends*, a ghastly Form *so like*?
 While the foul Stains, that do his Mind disgrace,
 Work strongly outward—blotting all his Face:
 Disclose the rank Apostate, and pervade
 Not to be hid, thy Colours and thy Shade;
 Yet tho' his Heart and Looks, so well agree,
 So justly pair'd by Hell, and hit by thee;
 Not thus his Doctrine with his Visage suits,
 For what his Pen maintains, his Face confutes.
 Let him at Scriptures sneer, at Wonders rail,
 Where-e'er his Head is seen, his Reasons fail:
 One MIRACLE at least on Earth appears,
 While he survives—a WOOLSTON, with his Ears.



FINIS.

Ears.

